

The bill clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, we are here trying to figure out where America goes in the near future, but also where it goes in the long term because the decisions we make here are going to have a long lasting effect.

What we hear and the American people are witnessing over TV is the Republicans are playing with fire, and millions of Americans are in danger of getting scorched. It reminds us some of those who played the fiddle while Rome burned. The Republicans are willing to allow our country to go into default rather than ask the wealthiest among us to pay their fair share.

The Republican side of the Capitol is clear. They say: Don't ask our millionaire friends to contribute anything more to keep our ship of state afloat. Yes, the ride is going to be bumpier for everyone, but that is life. Why shouldn't the middle class pay something, they ask. After all, there are so many of them.

In fact, a Republican Senator was on the floor this afternoon saying the wealthy are overburdened. It is not easy, I guess, to pick out a new car every year, maybe make sure your reservations for your trip abroad are made, and renovations for the house are in order. Life gets complicated if you are rich. These decisions do not come easy.

The Senator who spoke this afternoon complained that the poor and the middle class—and I quote him here—“need to share some of the responsibility.”

So there it is. It is the poor and the middle class who need to sacrifice once again, but not the wealthy. The fat cats sit purring on the front deck while middle-class workers are breaking their backs.

Middle-class workers should not have to explain to their kids why they cannot afford to help them get a college education. Democrats know the way to keep our country strong is to educate every young person capable of learning.

Now, what is the real cost of millionaire protection? This risk is an economic calamity for middle-class families across the country if we make a mistake here as we deal with the raising of the debt ceiling, as we deal with the problems of the budget.

It is time to stop protecting millionaires when so much is needed from everyone who can help this country regain its footing. If the Republicans force default on our debt, it could mean tens of millions of Americans might not receive their Social Security checks. Retirees and disabled Americans on fixed incomes depend on Social Security for survival.

But Social Security is only the beginning. If the Republicans insist on

pushing the government into default, the men and women who wear our country's uniforms may not even get their paychecks. Right now there are 140,000 brave Americans risking death and injury in Afghanistan and Iraq. Do we reduce our responsibility to them because Republicans do not want to burden millionaires?

Additionally, payments to doctors under Medicare and Medicaid could be suspended. Where do the seniors and needy Americans turn then in the event of an urgent medical problem?

At a time when nearly 14 million Americans are out of work and struggling to keep food on the table, unemployment benefits could lapse. We are talking about the possibility of people without incomes, people unable to sustain their basic needs. In addition to destroying the safety net for ordinary Americans, a default crisis would likely threaten America's position as the economic giant of the world, as we see the possibility of widespread panic on Wall Street and the damage to the credit markets that could lead to the loss of millions of jobs across the country.

The question has to be answered: Why are the Republicans willing to walk on this economic tightrope to win favor among wealthy contributors? It is because they do not sufficiently value the human infrastructure that enabled the millionaires to make their millions. They are insisting on protecting tax breaks for millionaires and billionaires.

They want to keep subsidizing big oil companies to the tune of \$4 billion a year in tax breaks. I look at what our leader, the majority leader, has proposed. I am proud to be a cosponsor of a commonsense resolution introduced by Senator REID.

The resolution says: Americans who earn \$1 million or more a year should pick up the shovel and help their country dig its way out of the disaster instead of just playing politics.

The American people see through the Republican games of protecting the rich, while middle-class families lose jobs, homes, and the belief that their children have a chance of success that their forebears dreamt about. In poll after poll, survey after survey, they say we should ask the very wealthy to pay more to reduce the deficit. Yet the Republicans refuse to close outrageous tax loopholes for oil companies that are rolling in profits. We cannot ask them to sacrifice.

Look at what the CEOs of these companies are being paid. ExxonMobil, they made over \$11 billion in a quarter. The CEO made, in 2010, \$29 million. ConocoPhillips, their CEO made \$18 million in 2010. Chevron, the CEO was paid \$16 million in 2010.

The facts are clear and so are the Republican priorities. They do not want the giant corporations and the wealthy to lose their lucrative tax loopholes. The Republicans want to end Medicare as we know it, forcing seniors to pick

up an extra \$6,000 a year for their health care. The question has to be asked: Why are the Republicans trying to slow the economic recovery? Why run the risk of financial collapse just 3 years after the last one? Do they believe destroying the economy now will help them during next year's election? What a terrible thought that is. We heard the minority leader say his No. 1 priority is stopping this President from winning another term.

Our No. 1 priority ought not to be to destroy lives for political gain. It ought to be about restoring our economy, restoring jobs, making sure all Americans can share in what this great country has to offer.

The question lurks: What is it that propels this unyielding refusal to ask those who make \$1 million a year or more to participate some in restoring our economic viability? The bottom line is, avoiding a default crisis requires all to participate or we could witness the failure of a nation that has survived for more than 200 years—200 years as a beacon of freedom, liberty, and democracy—with great risk of substantial failure in the future if we do not raise the debt ceiling.

The Democrats feel the need to protect the basic values that have made this dream heard only in America, over centuries, a reality. Going forward into the future, we have to continue to protect the values we treasure in our society.

I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The bill clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

AUTHORITY TO MEET

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that if the Finance Committee meets tomorrow at 9 a.m., it be authorized to meet during tomorrow's session of the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The bill clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

SERGEANT WILLIAM J. WOITOWICZ, U.S.M.C.

Mr. KERRY. Mr. President, on June 7, 2011, Groton, the State of Massachusetts, and our country lost a brave young man who gave his life defending the Nation he loved. Sergeant William "Billy" Woitowicz died serving with the U.S. Marine Corps in Afghanistan, fighting as a part of Operation Enduring Freedom.

In the difficult days that followed this awful news, the entire Groton community came together to show their support for his family and to remember Billy's dedication and selflessness. Joe Moore, a family friend, described Bill movingly in a tribute that was itself an act of great devotion. I ask that it be printed in the RECORD so that all of us can reflect on the sacrifice of a courageous marine tragically lost much too soon in service to a grateful nation.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

EULOGY FOR SERGEANT WILLIAM J. WOITOWICZ
(Delivered by Joseph F. Moore)

Before I begin, I would like to read the statement I prepared for the media on behalf of the Woitowicz family this past Tuesday. It did not make its way to the individuals and communities that poured love from their hearts for Billy and his family.

On behalf of the Woitowicz family, I would like to thank everyone for their heartfelt condolences, the kind words, the outpouring of emotion, gifts of food, offers of help, cards, and prayers. I can't tell you how much that has meant to my friends. They appreciate your kindness very much.

They would also like to thank the Marines for the tremendous support of their family and the respect they've shown Billy in the way they have treated him as they've brought him home. My father was a Marine during World War II and I've always had a tremendous respect for the Corps. The actions of these Marines, in the way they've treated my friends, especially Sergeant Owens, only enhances that admiration.

If I could pause for a moment—Would you please stand and join me in a round of applause for the United States Marine Corps, and the Marines joining us today to honor their fallen comrade, to show them how much we appreciate the sacrifices they make for us?

Billy was a wonderful person. You only need to see the flags lining the streets of Groton and Westford, the messages of love, the swollen eyes, to see how people cared about him. It is because he cared for them—that was Billy, always more interested and concerned for you than he was for himself.

Although we mourn for Billy and our hearts ache for the loss of him, we know there is a celebration in heaven for the return of one of God's favorite sons and soldiers.

I am pleased to announce the Groton Dunstable Youth Basketball League, which I have great pride in saying I served for 15 years, has named their 3-on-3-basketball tournament after Billy. Thanks so much to the Board members; this means a lot to the Woitowicz family and to me.

Our State Representative Sheila Harrington is spearheading a movement to cre-

ate the Sergeant William J. Woitowicz Memorial Trust. The trust will fund a scholarship named after Billy and other activities chosen by the family. Thank you, Sheila. We appreciate your efforts.

Billy's second mother, my wife Karen, said, "For a kid who didn't like attention, he sure drummed up a lot of it."

Billy, did you see us on the tarmac waiting for you to come home?

Did you see the respect of your fellow Marines as they gently held you?

Did you see the people standing in honor as we drove through Hanscom?

Did you see Mr. Clickner with tears in his eyes holding a basketball?

Did you see the gentleman, also a Marine, at the exit with the sign that read, "Thank you Corporal Woitowicz, I try to be worth dying for."

Did you see the cherry pickers with American flags flowing down from them at the rotary?

Did you see the fire trucks from Acton and Maynard, Boxboro and Littleton, parked on the overpass, with their ladders extended and connected in a salute of honor, and the firemen standing on top of their trucks?

Did you see people who simply stopped by the procession and got out of their cars with their hands over their hearts?

Did you see along the route you traveled, the rescue squads, state police, sheriffs, and the police and firemen from Lexington, Concord, Acton, Watertown, Melrose, Medford, Lowell, Maynard, Boxboro, Lancaster, Littleton, Harvard, Ayer, Dunstable, Groton, and Westford?

Did you see the older veterans, in their uniforms, standing at salute?

Did you see the people pouring out of their offices as your procession passed by?

Did you see the elderly gray-haired woman, standing by herself in Harvard, holding an American flag?

Did you see the lines of people in bordering towns with genuine looks of anguish?

Did you see the rows of people on Main Street in Groton? And did you notice they were patiently waiting when we returned from the high school to honor you twice?

Did you see the Groton-Dunstable High School administrators, teachers, and students in respectful alignment? The students were proud to attend the same high school as you.

Did you see that we stopped at Orr Road, to pay tribute to where you grew up?

Did you see the fire trucks from Groton and Westford, your two home towns, with their ladders outstretched over 225, forming a gateway for your return?

Did you see the people in Forge Village, waiting patiently for you?

Did you see the little kids of Norman E. Day Elementary School saluting and waving?

Did you see the people holding flags in front of St. Catherine's?

Did you know your friend Kelly was going to give up her vacation to drive back from California because she loves you so much?

Kevin and Rose, and my wife Karen and I have seven children. Their children are ours and ours, theirs. Just as I know Kevin and Rose love our kids, we love Chris, Bill, and Mandy as our own. Billy was like a son and, for reasons that I never completely understood he seemed to be attached to me. Rose and Karen would often say, "Billy really likes talking to you. He looks up to you, Joe. Talk to him." And when my dearest friend Rosemary asked me to do this eulogy, Karen said, when I hung up the phone, "He loved talking to you. You should to do it. Share how much we all love him, respect him, and how much we now miss him."

Please bear with me as I give honor, through this eulogy, to my friend and hero,

Sergeant William J. Woitowicz, USMC. It is a great privilege that you have bestowed on me, Kevin and Rose. Thank you.

At the same time that I was saying yes to Rose, I was wondering how I would ever get through this without breaking down. I knew I couldn't, but nothing could ever keep me from it, not even the fear of losing my composure in front of all of you, once my friends Kevin and Rose asked me to do this for them.

Do me a favor. In the minutes that it might take me to recover, please raise your eyes to heaven and look for Billy's smiling face. And while you focus on him, pray for his mom and dad, and his brother and sister. I would ask that you to pray for Bill but I know he is in a better place, happy to be home. Even if he did need our prayers, it would be the preference of our unselfish Bill that you turn your thoughts not to him but to his family.

And please get comfortable, as this might take longer than one of Father Peter's sermons. We sometimes pack a lunch for the 11:00 Mass when we know he is preaching.

Speaking of Father Peter, some of you may not know that prior to being a parish priest, he was at a monastery for which he had to take a vow of silence. He was only allowed to say two words every seven years. After the first seven years the elders called him in and asked for his two words. "Cold floors," he said. The elders nodded and sent him away. Seven more years passed. They brought him back in and asked for his two words. He cleared his throat. "Bad food," he said. They nodded and sent him away. Seven more years passed. They brought him in for his two words. "I quit," he said. "That's not surprising," the elders said. "You've done nothing but complain since you got here."

You might think it inappropriate to begin this eulogy with a joke, but it is exactly what Bill would have wanted. There is not a doubt in my mind that Billy is saying right now, "Way to go, Mr. Moore." That happens to be one of his favorite expressions. I will try to paint a picture of Billy to help you understand why this is so.

In 1996, Karen and I moved our family from Allentown, Pennsylvania, to Groton. We were building a new house and it was not completed before the start of the school year so we crammed into a suite at the Westford Regency Hotel for six weeks. Prior to trekking to Groton, we had signed our kids up for soccer, and on our first Saturday as New Englanders we drove our kids to a match held behind St. Anne's Church in Littleton. As fate would have it, Chris, Billy, and our son Mike were all on the same team.

We knew no one in the area and Karen was determined to find a doctor for our kids. She happened to approach Rosemary on the sideline—she liked how Rose was cheering so loudly for her kids—and, as Rosie would, she went out of her way to be helpful to Karen. As they spoke, they connected partly because our kids went to Catholic schools. Let me interject here that Karen and Rose have not stopped talking since that day—literally, just ask our kids. Also while they chatted our daughters Jenny and Mandy struck up a friendship and, although they don't burn through their cell phone minutes talking like their mothers do, they have remained best friends.

The mothers figured out during their discussion that we lived near each other and Rose told us that she knew a short cut. We were headed to see how our house was coming along so we followed them home and pulled up to thank Rose for her help. It was then that we saw our first glimpse of Billy's tremendous charisma. Before we pulled away, little eight-year-old Bill looked at us and said, "Do you want to come in for coffee? My mom made muffins." He then